# The Seed Sower.

*A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.*

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## A Superscription.

(HOUSE OF LIFE.—XCVII.)

LOOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

## Sunset.

THE golden foot-prints of departing Day
Are fading from the ocean silently,
And Twilight, stealing onward, halves the sky;
One after one they fade in light away,
While, with a thousand songs, the Earth doth say
Farewell, uplifting all her mountains high,
To catch the last reflections ere they die,
As, one by one, their peaks grow cold and grey,
Yon orb, that hangs upon the ocean's rim,
Looks, Janus-like, both back and forward too,
And, while it fades HERE to Earth's evening-hymn,
It brightens, from afar, o'er regions new,
Unto the songs of Morning, raised to Him,
Who thus 'twixt night and day the great line drew!

HENRY ELLISON.

## Sermon

BY REV. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.

Preached at Highgate, 15th April, 1906.

Mark xvi., 6: "He is risen; He is not here."

GOOD Friday thoughts, on the one hand of error and evil combined to drive out of the world one in whose spirit its longings could alone find satisfaction, its woes be transformed to joy, on the other of his sublime fidelity to his mission of enlightenment, salvation, and peace, thoughts which are tragic and bring us into a mystery of blackness rent with lightnings, awful with the mocking maledictions of the malefactors and the crowd, with the abandoned sufferer's last despairing cry, give place to thoughts wholly joyous, as though after the night of terror a fresh dewy morning broke upon a smiling earth, and birds sang, and men's hearts were full of an ecstacy. Gone are sinister priest, and heartless multitude, and callous soldiery; silent the taunting voices of the agonised criminals. Angels are there, wondering women, undying love in their hearts, astonished disciples, afraid in the very gladness. For he who died in utter loneliness of spirit, feeling forsaken even of God, having awakened from the despair and darkness in the light and to the love which are beyond, has found that his life was no failure, that the crucifixion was its

consummate moment, potential with a unique appeal to the wills of men to be. He is able by vision, and in very presence to flash this truth into the hearts of his friends whom his death had inexpressibly saddened, some of whom it had overwhelmed. They learn, so that no doubt remains, the glorious truth, "He is risen; He is not here." And the tides of joy and hope which had ebbed from the shores of their souls, leaving them dreary, desolate, and desert, swing back dancing in the sunlight, and making such music as they had not dreamed to hear. For us, the crude imagination of a physical resurrection, in which the uncultured minds of the early disciples expressed to themselves, and gave vividness to this belief, has no slightest interest. It is not even worth discussion. We can only be sad for these who build their faith upon a delusion, and believe themselves secure. What does arrest us is the conviction of the resurrection itself as a fact, the triumphant certainty in the Master's continued life on which, without exaggeration, we may not only say that the Church is founded, but that; humanly speaking, apart from it the new movement would have died at its very birth. He is risen! it was that which turned Christianity into a world Gospel. And this morning, amid the lovely signs of nature's resurrection, with the feelings stirring within us of her inexhaustible life, the joy renews itself. Or at least the message is joy, whatever response it meet. I preach to you our immortality in God, with Jesus and all who have gone before us, with all who shall succeed. There is no tomb which ever held or can hold a human soul. The depths cannot drown it, nor the fire consume. He is risen! He is not here. God is the God, not of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him.

Some there are who do not feel able to accept the idea as truth. An impenetrable veil seems hung over the future. They are inclined to turn away from the darkness and looking back to common earth say with Spinoza, "The free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life." There are moods in which they would exclaim bluntly with another, "Don't bother about death; it does not count," and confine themselves to the strictly practical problem of the utmost use to which they can turn the present life. Yet death is a fact. We cannot escape that. We all live in the lengthening shadow of the tomb as the sun of our days goes down the west of time. Again and again the shrouded form, as in Watt's picture, darkens our homes, and pushing love away in its inevitable course enters, nor leaves save accompanied by someone whom we love. Are there any here who have not so far gone through this hard experience? I doubt it. And there is the even more closely personal aspect. I cannot conceal from myself that, however unlikely it appear, I may never stand in this pulpit again. By to-night my voice may be silenced in death, as years ago my father's was within a few hours of the close of an evening service. For you, too, tomorrow's sun may shine on earth in vain. And it would seem that, however heroically we may talk, we must take some account of the inevitable. I do not mean that we are to brood upon it, and become morbid. Altogether otherwise. For that would be of no use, and unreasonable too. Did you ever know one who has suffered much, whose physical force is all but spent, who yet is fully conscious, unwilling to die? Rightly and naturally when we are strong, we cling to life; rightly and naturally when mortal weakness overtakes us we relax our hold. O, we all go simply and readily when the time comes. Who was it who said at the last moment, after a strenuous life which he had been loth to think of surrendering, "Is this death? This is nothing!" And have you ever gazed into the face of one who has recently died, and not been wonderingly impressed, no matter what his sufferings have been, with the refinement of it, with the smile of infinite sweetness and peace? It is as though through the beauty of death God were making impossible the bitterness of sorrow. I like to think of the passing of Lord Tennyson. During the morning, we are told, he asked for some proofs of his work just arrived from the printer's; he tried to read some of his beloved Shakespeare; he was tenderly thoughtful for all about him. Very calmly he answered the question whether he was free from pain, "Quite, but I shall not get better." In the afternoon he conversed with the Doctor

about death. "What a shadow life is, and how men cling to what is after all but a small part of the great world's life," he said. Then the Doctor told him of an incident that had recently happened. "A villager, ninety years old, was dying, and had so much pined to see his old bed-ridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, 'Come soon," and shortly after passed away himself." Tennyson murmured "True Faith"; and the tears were in his voice. Suddenly he gathered himself together and spoke one word about himself to the Doctor, "Death?" Dr. Dabbs bowed his head, and he said "That's well." And in the flooding moonlight blessing his wife and son he went to meet his pilot, as he believed, face to face, in such temper as his own lines bade the pilgrim—

Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit
of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that
Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the
silent Opener of the gate.

I have been keeping close to the judgments and experiences of men like ourselves, and I believe that there is nothing exceptional in them, but that they are thoroughly typical. Recall the three sayings I have quoted—"The free man thinks of nothing less than death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life;" "Don't bother about death; it does not count;" "Is this death? This is nothing," with its beautiful commentary in the poet's eagerness to turn to account every minute allowed him here, and his "That's well," when the final summons is received. To these facts that we are deeply interested in life, pursue our tasks almost regardless of death often up to the very end, and then as Browning puts it, greet the unseen with a cheer, is in itself profoundly significant. If the question is put: how is this possible? the answer needs no searching—because it is in the very nature of things. Yes, but in considering the nature of things we must keep in mind what we are, who do so think and act and feel. It is in the nature of things that the river should flow down to and lose itself in the sea. But we are very different from the river. Each of us is a will, whose essence is to act not as external forces determine, but on its own initiative, from itself, choosing in what direction its energies shall go. The objects which it sets before it we call its purposes. These are the meaning which it finds for itself, the reason for its existence, and in these it is ever aiming to attain satisfaction. That is, its activity is by an inward and invariable necessity, based on the assumption that there are some forms and ways of expression through which it has to work out a meaning which is its very own. That these are variously and often mistakenly conceived makes no difference to the fact. It is as true of the sensualist seeking through his appetites to appease the hunger of his soul, as of the scientist immersed in his investigations, as if the whole world hung expectant on his single mind; of the money-maker pursuing his unholy quest at the cost of the happiness and lives of his fellows, an astounding and terrible devotion, as of the enthusiast absorbed in his cause for the world's progress, whether he is rewarded by wealth or rags, honour or a cross. The mind, and every mind seethes with purpose, and has no rest but in its fulfilment. To this must be added what is equally certain that no one, not the greatest and the most favoured by circumstances, ever exhausts the possibilities of which he is conscious, or dies saying, "there is nothing more I can imagine myself doing. I am complete in achievement." The more he has done the more he sees to do. Power gained is power for greater deeds. On every tomb it might be truthfully inscribed, "Whatever he has done his unwrought purposes far exceeded it." And yet, mark you, in the nature of things he dies quietly, as a weary child falls asleep. What does it mean? Can we resist the thought that there is only a momentary interlude and not cessation; that those purposes which at the heart of him he not only has but *is*, will be completed otherwhere? Or put it negatively, if we did not in some way believe that our strivings have a meaning, not only for the universe, but for us, should we go on toiling, suffering, struggling? Should we not put an end to the sad business? But we do not, do not for the most part think of it, and even go the

length of saying that those who take that summary method, believing to escape an intolerable misery, are of unsound mind. To me that plainly indicates a consciousness of quite unique significance, born of that divine spirit within us which we may frequently disregard yet cannot silence. Every life matters, its purpose is its own, and is needful to the world's well-being. In it the spirit of the universe reveals itself in a form individual and unique. And that judgment of present value carries with it a similar judgment as to that which remains unrealised, an ideal. For it is never life itself which interests us, but what we can do and be. And purpose is nothing apart from its fulfilment; to be is to unfold a meaning hidden in the will. The conception of purposes being started and not fulfilled, of wills beginning to unfold meanings they never complete is a way of thinking of the universe as essentially unreasonable, a supposition which however often turned into a theory we never really act upon. We deny it every day we live and work, hope and strive. We never deny it more emphatically than when with defeated aims, plans that have failed, ambitions we have not been able to pursue, we face the future with a smile. Again, think of the ideal which all our purposes are to serve, and through which we are to reach it. What we speak of as Goodness, the being perfect, in the Master's language, as our heavenly Father is perfect. However distant that may be it is involved in all our aspirations, and struggles. To it we trace the shame when we are unfaithful, the desire for what is beyond all attainment. It creates the thought of ideal societies, and pictures heaven as our goal. Its influence is the enthusiasm which calls us onward and upward. Is there any paradox conceivable which is greater than that Goodness, which every day authenticates itself as the reality and inspiration of our lives, should prove itself a hollow mockery? should turn to nothingness, should perish even in the moment in which it is breathing comfort and cheer and peace in our hearts? And we do not make matters better by suggesting that it may be conserved in the experience of the spirit of the universe to which we contribute. For I venture to say that we can never reconcile ouselves to the sins, sufferings, and struggles of humanity on the ground that they are a means to the realisation of Himself by God. We should hate him while we lived, and curse him in our death. Moreover, Goodness could not be conserved so, for it is a condition of a will, and of that will alone by which it is realised. It is just the personal willing of it, and so the completion of the purposes in which it is attained, that is its essence. The going out of existence of a will would be the disappearance of that goodness and those purposes in which it has expressed itself. With the result that by so much the universe would be the poorer and the worse. No: Goodness in its very nature means the perfection of those wills of which it is the truth; and their perfection is through the fulfilment of every purpose possible to them of which the earth life reveals only fragments and glimpses, until they are one with God the infinite Goodness, His meaning having reached its full expression, His purpose its utmost realisation.

You may feel that this offers you but little in the way of an argument for immortality. And indeed I know of no demonstration. We live among the shadows by faith, and hope, and gleams of light. What I trust it may do is to suggest that our common daily life by effort, our longings toward an ideal, our habitual disregard of death, our serene acquiescence when it comes are iexplicable on any other supposition, but that on this they are intelligible, and natural. What it comes to is perhaps just this, a fundamental belief in God, God incarnate in us in the ideal of Goodness, which being a thought of His cannot perish, but must have the fulfilment He designed. His purposes are not vain and transient, but wise and eternal. The universe is not meaningless, but full of meaning, and though this may appear in many forms of which we know nothing, the supreme manifestation of it to us is in wills with an infinite ideal, *i.e.*, in ourselves. God is our truth. We are his purposes. He is necessary to us, we to Him. We are eternal in His eternity, immortal in His immortality.

I recur then to the sayings I have twice quoted to give them a new significance. "The freeman thinks of nothing less than death; and his wisdom is a meditation not of death

but of life." His business is with those God purposes which agitate for fulfilment in his will at this moment, the one vital contribution he can now make to the progress of humanity. "Don't bother about death; it does not count," it is inevitable, but it hinders nothing, destroys nothing, breaks no ties rooted in love, separates neither minds nor hearts. "Is this death? this is nothing."—It is something, it is change, transition, the passage into other scenes and new conditions, but that has no terror for those who realise that thither we take the unrealised possibilities, the unwrought purposes of earth to carry them forward, as here, in the fellowship, communion, and oc-operation of kindred spirits towards the infinitely distant ideal hidden in the ineffable light of deity. We live immortally in God, and God is love.

## Drunken Women.

THE public have been disgusted by the story of a number of married women in Birmingham getting drunk and causing a street row at noon-day. The exposure revealed the fact that a certain number of these females, belonging to what is called the "respectable" class, have been in the habit of meeting at a certain public-house in the morning for the purpose of drinking to excess. Few pictures of degradation could possibly be more revolting than such habitual and cold-blooded vice on the part of women who, we must assume, drink for drinking's sake; neither led to seek refuge in intoxication by physical want, nor driven to it by the stings of shame and remorse which goad too many of their sisters. Perhaps it is some consolation to reflect that the phenomenon must be very exceptional to have called forth so many remarks as have been made upon it. A group of "respectable married men," meeting to drink at any hour of the day or night, might probably be paralleled at half the gin-palaces and ale-houses in the kingdom. But that their wives should copy their detestable examples, is felt on all hands to be something peculiarly disgraceful and portentous.

In all ages, from the time when the old Romans made it death for women to drink wine, there has been a sense that a drunken woman is one of the most shocking things in the world, and that quite a peculiar horror attaches to the vice when practised by a female. It is not wonderful it should be so, seeing that the desecration of all the sanctities of her nature, and the ruin of her home and her children, are the inevitable result. Who that knows anything of the state of the working classes, but has his memory stored with miserable histories of industrious men brought down to poverty and despair by wives who spent their hard earnings, and sold their food, their clothes, their furniture bit by bit, to buy drink; and welcomed the poor wearied man on his nightly return home only with the stupid stare of the sot? If there be children in the family, of course the case is tenfold worse, and the lot of the miserable infants is pitiable to think of. One such case was revealed in one of our great towns, when a poor little boy in a Ragged School begged leave to be allowed to go home in the middle of his lessons. "Why do you want to go home?" inquired the teacher. After some shyness, the child confessed he had "locked up his mother dead drunk—and by this time" (according to his sad experience) "she was about ready to come out." When we conceive what the future of children can be who are brought up with such an example before them, and condemned at ten years old to such a task as that of guarding a drunken mother, we are at no loss to foresee for them lives blasted in the bud. If it be true, as the first American "Minister to the Poor" used to affirm, that "he could always soften the heart of a criminal who had had a good mother," what shall we say for the chances of a boy who has had a mother like this? Equally horrible is the picture of the sick and dying husband, whose wife and sole nurse stupefies herself with gin, and leaves him untended in his misery. Not long ago it came out at a coroner's inquest, that a man, sinking under a frightful cancer, had been ordered a little brandy by his doctor. A lady visitor had supplied him with a bottle of it, and the wretched wife had drank it all herself, and, falling down stairs intoxicated, had broken her neck and ended her life within a few yards of her husband's death-bed.

But while we all look upon female drunkards with well-merited horror, it is time that

one popular error about them should be exploded. For every vice and crime in men there is, it is universally believed, a possibility, nay even a fair chance, of reformation. Even for women guilty of such large offences as involve imprisonment in the convict prisons, there is always hope of reclamation. The Reports of the Directors of Convict Prisons in England for 1870 shew that out of 250 female convicts discharged during 1869, no less than 191 went voluntarily, on their release, to various Missions and Refuges, presumably reformed. But for a woman to be restored who has once fallen into habits of intoxication, is, according to almost universal prejudice, a miracle never realised. Even the touching story of "Janet's Repentance," a tale in which the genius of George Eliot shewed its purest light, is looked on by half its readers, not as a most true and perfect picture of the natural temptation, fall, and recovery of a human soul, but as mere romance, dealing with a subject too disgusting to be studied in real life. It is this common but most false notion, this over-readiness to give up a woman as irretrievably disgraced, which is itself the cause why hundreds of hapless ones who have only entered on the evil way, are never helped out of it and guided into better paths, but left to sink to the very bottom of the foul pool of vice into which, it may be, they have but dipped their feet. If the drunkenness of a woman be more disgusting than that of a man, it ought to be remembered that it has usually many more palliations. What, for instance, must be the temptations of the wretched wife of a drunkard to share the excitement to which she is the hourly sacrifice and victim! What conditions of hunger, faintness, over-tired nerves, and failing spirits, in the poor, solitary workwoman, must tempt her to add to her weak cup of tea the dram which shall, for the time, make her feel strong and hopeful! The fluctuations in the nervous state of all over-worked or ill-fed women are such as, no vigorous man can understand, and such as perhaps, but few men would bear without seeking relief in stimulants. In nine cases of habitual drunkenness out of ten, it would, I believe, be found on investigation that the man has been lured to vice by pleasure, and the woman goaded to it by mental or physical pain. Pity then, before all things, pity, and a faith in the possibility of restoration, are the befitting sentiments wherewith to regard these unhappy beings, and not the usual Pharisaic sense of their utter degradation, and the inhuman abandonment of them to shame and ruin.

It is in the homes of poverty, of over-work, of conjugal dissension—and sometimes also in those where vulgarity and waste are most noticeable—that the evil of female drunkenness is principally to be found. Laws of any kind can touch it very little; but, on the other hand, the opinion of those around the unhappy woman can do much; for none are so susceptible of the elevating influence of esteem—none so prostrate under the scathing influences of contempt—as these weak ones. Promises and threats are alike useless in their case. A drunkard, by the very fact that he or she *is* a drunkard, is proved to belong to that emotional, impulsive, weak, imprudent class of human beings, with whom the present is always preponderant, and the future comparatively a matter of little interest. If it were not so—if any threat could avail to check the dread thirst for strong drink—would not the speedy, the inevitable physical misery of the morrow, be more than enough to arrest the hand which seizes the glass? But it does not do so; and no remoter prospect of injury to health and reputation can be expected to prove of greater avail. What the drunkard needs is to be made to feel and see the *present* regret, pity, sympathy of his neighbour; the *present* law of duty; the *present* eye of God. He who can make a hapless fellow-creature sensible to the bonds of these blessed cords, may trust not in vain to accomplish the work of moral salvation; whether it be a drunken man who is to be restored, or that falsely-named irreclaimable thing—a drunken woman.

*By permission of the late*
*Frances Power Cobbe.*

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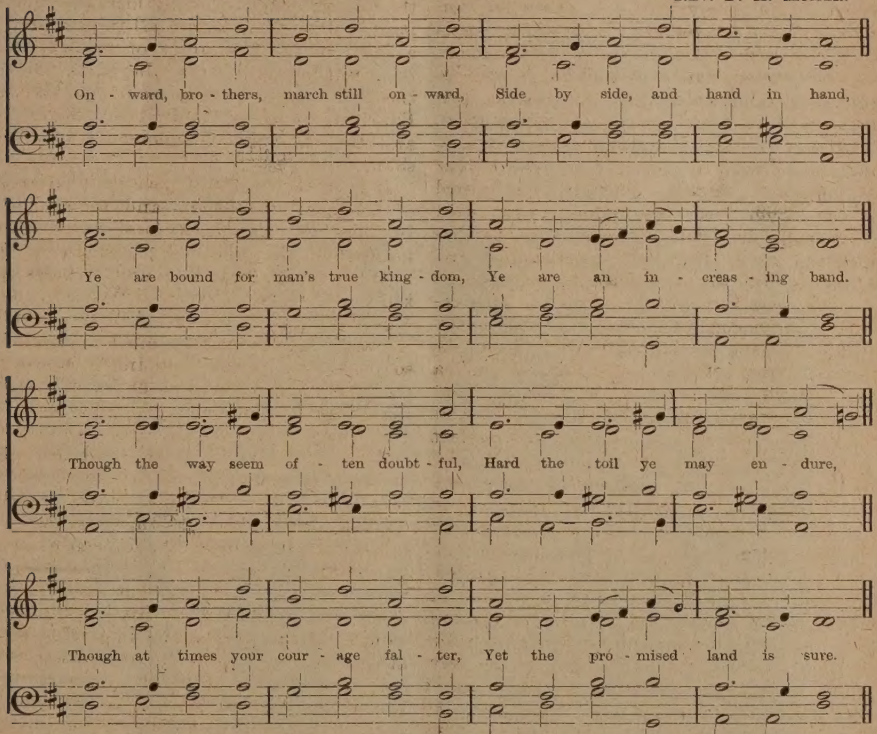
Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geikie.*

## "Onward, Brothers."

REV. F. A. HOMER.


On - ward, bro - thers, march still on - ward, Side by side, and hand in hand,
Ye are bound for man's true king - dom, Ye are an in - creas - ing band.
Though the way seem of - ten doubt - ful, Hard the toil ye may en - dure,
Though at times your cour - age fal - ter, Yet the pro - mised land is sure.

ONWARD, brothers, march still onward,
Side by side and hand in hand,
Ye are bound for man's true kingdom,
Ye are an increasing band.
Though the way seem often doubtful,
Hard the toil ye may endure,
Though at times your courage falter,
Yet the promised land is sure.

Olden sages saw it dimly,
And their joy to rapture wrought;
Living men have gazed upon it,
Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mould the future,
Make man master of his life.

Still brave deeds and kind are needed,
Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
Ye too have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
March still onward, hand in hand;
Till ye see at last man's kingdom,
Till ye reach the promised land.

H. H. ELLIS.

## Our Missions.

### I.

### Hurst Street, Birmingham.

Minister—Rev. W. J. Clarke.

This Mission was established sixty-seven years ago, and has been carried on during the whole of that time with marked success. The premises have been enlarged from time to time, and now consist of a Chapel, School-rooms, Class Rooms, Gymnasium, and various offices. Owing to the various additions in a cramped space the place is a good deal of a rabbit-warren and begins to cry aloud for re-construction throughout. During its existence some £10,000 has been expended on the buildings. The first Minister appointed in 1840 was the Rev. J. Bowring, of Hyde, who officiated until 1853; subsequent Ministers were the Revs. J. Robinson, B. Wright, and J. B. Gardiner. The present Minister, Rev. W. J. Clarke was appointed in 1885, and under his guidance the Mission has grown into very great importance, and rivals in its activities and numbers any of our larger Churches. It is carried on as an undenominational institution, and while its Minister, Officers, and Committee are Unitarian, it is supported by Members of all the Churches, its list of subscribers including Episcopalians, Jews, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, etc. It is recognised that the Mission is in no sense a proselytising institution, but devotes itself according to its original constitution to "the diffusion of religious knowledge among the poor, and the general amelioration of their condition."

The Chapel holds about 300, is filled three times every Sunday. There is a Pleasant Sunday Morning Class, with a Membership of 280; a P.S.A. with the same number of members, but entirely different persons, and a simple religious service in the evening. The Sunday Schools enrol 300 names and are served by a band of 30 teachers. In addition to these directly religious agencies a vast amount of philanthropic and social work is carried through. Mother's Meeting, Band of Hope, Flower Guild, Advice Bureau, Guild of Sympathy, Summer and Winter Parties for the Aged Poor, attended by 3,000 persons, Sick and Savings Club, Classes for Music—Vocal and Instrumental, Dressmaking Classes, and various Clubs. Last year Mr. Clarke received and distributed 3,490 medical notes, and 148 parcels of clothing. The Benevolent Fund amounted to £1,160, while the total income of the Mission for all purposes reaches £2,800. A further sum of £1,370, for what may be called extra Mission work, was expended on such agencies as the Police-Aided Association for the Clothing of Destitute Children, the Court and Alleys' Concert Association, the Military Veterans' Association, etc., which are really city institutions administered by the Mission Staff. All this would be impossible were not the Minister a first-rate organiser and a tremendous worker. But even he would be unequal to the various and multitudinous duties of the Mission were he not backed up by an enthusiastic Committee and a large and devoted band of workers. The Mission is so manifestly unsectarian that it has friends among all classes, parties and sects. It is a striking example of what can be done when administrative ability is joined to consecrated purpose. The statistics of the Mission are remarkable, yet there is reason to believe that the influences which cannot be measured by statistics are even more potent. The Mission can tell many a tale of the drunkard made sober, the prostitute reclaimed, the criminal put into an honest way of life, the orphan succoured, the tempted delivered, the outcast brought in, the fallen uplifted, the sick and lonely comforted, the wandered restored to the fold. It has heard many a vow of amendment, it has inspired many a renewal of hope, and of these things no figures can tell the worth.

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It is sin when low things, however good in themselves, stand in the way of high things.—*Rufus Ellis.*

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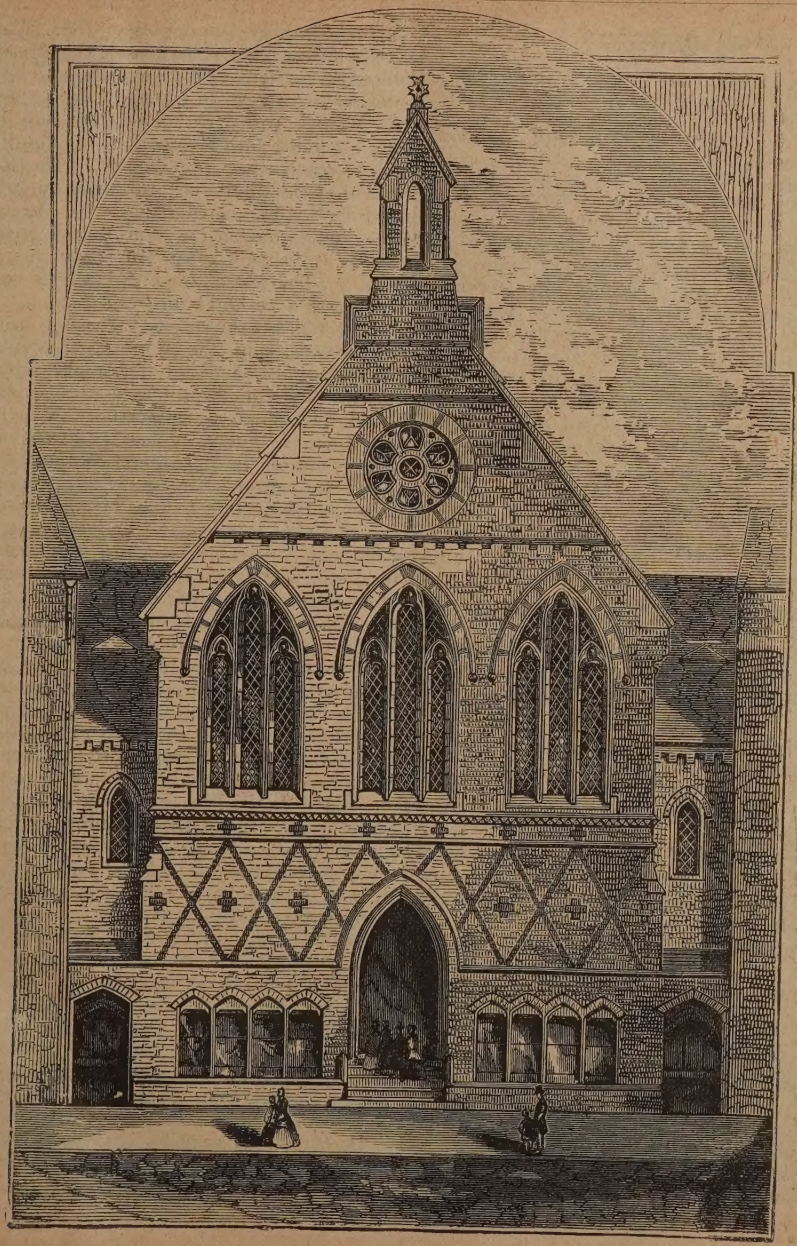
In all Nature's vocabulary there is no such word as stagnation. There is progression and there is retrogression, and each is a movement. She knows no other road, and on either of these two paths all creation moves.—*W. D. Little.*



## "Credo."

By Hugh C. Wallace and J. Warschauer, M.A., Ph.D.

*Published by Arthur H. Stockwell, London.*

The Rev. Hugh C. Wallace and Dr. J. Warschauer have issued an interesting and unusually suggestiye little volume of sermons in "Credo." The sermons were preached in Anesley Congregational Church, in connection with which the two preachers have recently entered on a co-pastorate, and they constitute a popular but thoughtful exposition of the fundamentals of the Liberal Christian position. As it is stated in the preface, "The object of the sermons was in the first instance to state to our people what we believe to be the reasonable attitude taken up toward 'fundamental' questions by what is known as the New Theology." The Apostles' Creed is taken as the basis, and supplies the leading themes of the various discourses. Dr. Warschauer deals with 'Jesus Christ,' 'Judgment,' 'The Holy Catholic Church,' 'The forgiveness of sins,' 'The Life Everlasting,' and an initial sermon on the value of Creeds also comes from him. Mr. Wallace's topics are 'God,' 'The Incarnation,' 'The Atonement,' 'The Holy Ghost,' 'The Communion of Saints,' 'The Resurrection,' and 'A Spiritual Religion.'"

The spirit and purpose of the sermons are disclosed in the initial discourse by Dr. Warschauer. The only question worth asking respecting a creed is—"Is it True?"—the preacher declares. No presuppositions ought to enter into that enquiry, and no veneration for a creed's antiquity ought to influence one's judgment.

As a preliminary, however, Dr. Warschauer does ask the question, "Is a fixed and formal creed desirable?" and to this an unequivocal negative is given in reply. A fixed creed assumes that there will be no further progress, and the position is adopted that revelation is continuous and progressive. "In the light of the continuity and progressiveness of revelation a fixed creed is merely an impertinence." This being so, one expects something like a searching criticism and possibly a revision of the Apostles' Creed to follow. And one is not disappointed. Mr. Wallace in the last sermon rules out of the Creed the following articles as "not proven"—"was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," and "He descended into hell." "He ascended into heaven" is "in the literal and physical sense impossible." "The Resurrection of the Body" is "unnecessary and impossible." The word "only" is also practically ruled out by Dr. Warschauer from the phrase, "Jesus Christ His *only* Son our Lord." The rest of the creed only is deemed capable of a rational interpretation.

That the interpretation of what remains after abstracting the foregoing is such as would have satisfied the author or authors of the Apostles' Creed, no one would contend. It would be far from satisfying the orthodox Christian of to-day. The construction put upon some of the phrases is so remote from and disconnected with the original sense that it seems hardly fair to use the phrase to convey the new meaning. For example it is said that "Jesus shall come to judge the quick and the dead." The old conception of Jesus as Judge is perfectly clear and simple. It is held by thousands to-day. For its origin we have to go back to old Messianic ideas. Jesus is God's representative, and to him is entrusted the function of pronouncing the divine verdict on human lives. This judgment has always been held by orthodox Christians to be an act quite distinct from the creation of a standard by which men may be judged in the life and spirit of Jesus. Dr. Warschauer argues that the former idea of judgment—"once regarded as a fundamental truth has to-day ceased to influence men's lives and thoughts." Bishop Gore, in fact many a good Churchman, and any good Catholic would tell Dr. Warschauer differently. It is one of the weaknesses of the Liberal Christian to imagine that the world has come round to his way of thinking. Only a section of the world has, so far. The idea that Jesus judges us, "by the mere fact of standing by our side, making inevitable the comparison between us and himself," will not be considered a sufficient account of the judgment of Christ, save by a few. Personally we feel that little is gained by calling this "judgment" at all. Better to rule out of

the creed as "not proven" the statement that Jesus will come "to judge the quick and the dead," especially as Jesus is reported to have said that he came not to judge the world at all.

There are of course liberal Christians and liberal Christians. The Christology of these sermons will not find approval even from all of them. In spite of the generally critical attitude taken there will be too many concessions to orthodoxy discoverable for the more advanced. Such we deem statements such as the following taken from the sermon on "Jesus Christ." Speaking of God's universal Fatherhood, Dr. Warschauer says "in so far as it has been and will be understood by man, its source is Christ. . . . We know that this great life-giving thought is true, but we could not have discovered that truth for ourselves." One finds various similar implications of a chasm between Jesus and the rest of the human race, he having powers and functions possessed by no other members of the human family. Again speaking of the laws of love it is declared, "these laws . . . it was the deathless glory of Christ to have first plainly seen and formulated. We could not have done so by our unaided, unpurified vision; humanity receives these laws . . . from Him." Our reading and experience leads us to believe that the world was not quite so much in the dark on these matters, and is not to-day, outside Christendom, quite so ignorant of them as Dr. Warschauer's statements imply.

But whether endorsing completely the point of view set forth in "Credo" or not, all liberal Christians will welcome the little volume and join in wishing the two pastors of Anesley Congregational Church success in their enterprize. J. W. A.

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VERY few of us will have the chance of heroic self-devotion; but every day brings the petty, wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales.—*Samuel Osgood.*

So entirely does this helpfulness make our holiness that the same deep and strong principle is made to reach across the worlds, and, in the life to come, to give the faithful helper more power to help, as the best gift of God in heaven.—*Robert Collyer.*

## If I Can Live.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend,
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "She did her best for one of Thine."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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## The Voice of the Laws.

THIS from that soul incorrupt whom Athens had doomed to the death,
When Crito brought promise of freedom: "Vainly thou spendest thy breath!
Dost remember the wild Corybantes? Feel they the knife or the rod?
Heed they the fierce summer sun, the frost, or winterly flaws?
If any entreat them, they answer, 'We hear but the flutes of the God!'

"So even am I, O my Crito! Thou pleadest a losing cause!
Thy words are but sound without import,—I hear but the voice of the Laws;
And, know thou! the voice of the Laws is to me as the flutes of the God."

Thus spake that soul incorrupt; and wherever, since hemlock was quaffed,
A man has stood forth without fear, has chosen the dark, deep draught,
Has taken the lone one way, nor the path of dishonour has trod,
Behold, he, too, hears but the voice of the Laws, the flutes of the God.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## Notes and Jottings.

The National Conference Meetings at Oxford were, in the opinion of many, the most inspiring meetings ever held in connection with our British group of Churches. They reminded some of us of the first session of the International Conference held some half-a-dozen years ago in London. But, in being international in its character, that made a world-wide appeal, and had, moreover, at that time the special attraction of novelty. The National Conference is, however, no new experiment; it is already becoming the well-established central Federation of our Liberal Churches, daily growing in usefulness and slowly but surely winning its way into the confidence of our people. And although it had at Oxford few foreign delegates to add international importance and picturesqueness to its gatherings, its triumph was all the more solid, and businesslike, and genuinely "national" for that very reason.

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It was not merely volume of enthusiasm that gave it a special distinction. Volume of enthusiasm will always be present with any crowd of like-minded healthy people. It was rather the spirit and the purpose of this enthusiasm. It had less of that narrow sectarian temper which spoils so many Church Congresses—Conformist and Non-Conformist. It had more of the depth and breadth of that Liberal Catholic Christianity which is our Churches' life and the length of their days.

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The meaner and baser kind of sectarian animus was almost wholly absent. The Free Catholic sentiment overwhelmingly prevailed. We seemed at last to be breaking through the husks of the older Unitarianism and reaching forth with frank and kindly hands into a larger fellowship and a deeper unity with Liberal Christianity everywhere. It made it appear quite obvious that among the best and most influential of our ministers and laymen the Unitarian-Trinitarian controversy is recognised to be all but extinct, and that these very names begin to look strange and remote from the living issues of our age.

The wider comprehensiveness of the modern mind was fittingly illustrated by the presence of men on the platform, who although essentially one with us in their theological and religious outlook would never consent to wear the badge "Unitarian." Among these were the Rev. Dr. Rashdall, a canon of the Church of England (with whose practical ethics we must differ but with whose theology we may agree), the Rev. Rhondda Williams, a well-known Congregationalist Minister (who probably realises better now than he did when he published "The Evangel of the New Theology," the affinity if not identity of our theologies), and Dr. John Hunter, of Glasgow (whom it was a great pleasure to elect a member of the National Conference). In this connection mention should be made of the striking speech of Professor Charles, which expressed in such a lucid and original way the best ecclesiastical ideals of our group of churches.

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It was good to have these men among us if only as a reminder that the Liberal Christianity which is ours is not ours alone. But they did more than this; they challenged us to ask ourselves "why are we thus organised outside their churches?" Surely not because our theology is broader than theirs—for Dr. Rashdall is "advanced" enough to make many a Unitarian shudder. Why then are we not where he is? The answer has been already suggested; in agreeing with his theology we profoundly disagree with the ethics which enable him to conform. The issue between us and the Broad Church party is not any peddling question about Church Government or theology—but a question of the practical ethics of creed subscription. What seems honest and honourable to them would be for us dishonest and dishonourable. If it were not so, there would hardly exist any sufficient justification for refusing to lend a hand in broadening the Church of England *from within*, and making it a non-subscribing Free Catholic Church.

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We all look with interest to the Liberal Movement in the Roman and English Church. We believe that many of those who are identified with this movement are per-

fectly straightforward and honest men in so far as their inward convictions sanction the course they are taking. Yet that course itself, judged OBJECTIVELY by the ordinary standards of morality that prevail even in our markets and among hard, competitive business-men, is a course that the present writer does not hesitate to declare flagrantly immoral. If he did not think so he would long ago have joined one of these Churches. The one dominant purpose of our group of churches should be to provide here and now an honest Broad Church for honest men. That is the meaning of the Free Catholic Idea. We dissent not so much because we object to this or that dogma, but because we object to a church being organised on any dogma at all—even though it be a true dogma and in no need of expansion. We dissent because we object to the system of creed-subscription, even when the creed is entirely our own. We must accept the Liberal Movement in Christianity as a fact in being, and in "becoming," and we must seek to give it ever more adequate expression in a Catholicism that is neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Anglican, but honestly Free. We believe that the National Conference, now that it is taking itself seriously, will be one of God's great agencies to this end; and we rejoice that its interests have been committed for the next three years into the strong hands of the Editor of this Magazine.

J. M. LLOYD-THOMAS.

## Prayer.

O GOD, who puttest into our hearts such deep desire that we cannot be at peace until we enjoy the feeling of Thy love, mercifully grant that the unspeakable sighing of our souls' need may not go unsatisfied because of any unrighteousness of heart, which must divide us from the All-holy One, but strengthen us to do right by whomsoever we have wronged in thought, word, or deed, to renounce all plans of wrong-doing for the future, to purify our thoughts and govern our appetites, so that we may have no bar between us and Thy glory, but enjoy Thy peace which passeth understanding. Amen.—*Rowland Williams.*

## Sunday School Lessons from the Old Testament.

### IV.

### THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

(GENESIS, CHAPTERS XXXVII., XXXIX-XLI.)

LESSON TEXT.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity!"—*Psalm cxxxiii.*, 1.

READ XXXVII, 3-11, 19-36, noting traces of the interweaving of two separate stories; also xl., xli. Mark xl., 15.

I. OUTLINE OF THE STORY IN THIS LESSON.

Joseph, Rachel's son, is loved by his father, but hated by his brethren. Having gone, at his father's bidding, to visit his brothers near Shechem, he is either, when they propose to kill him, sold to Ishmaelites, at Judah's instigation, or carried off by Midianites after Reuben has successfully interceded for his life. His father believes that he is dead. Joseph, however, having been sold as a slave in Egypt, rises, partly by his own diligence, partly by his power of interpreting dreams, to be governor of Egypt, and by careful foresight is able to keep the people alive through the seven years' famine which he foretells.

II. THE DUAL SOURCE OF OUR NARRATIVE.

We at once and rightly infer that this most graphic story is from the early history book. Moreover, if we read carefully, we can find clear indications that it is a combination of two different accounts, one from J, the Judean chronicler, and the other from E, who wrote in the northern kingdom of Ephraim. We cannot quite certainly separate the two accounts in detail, but in outline the following is fairly clear. *According to J*, the brothers, hating Joseph because he was his father's favourite, proposed, when he visited them in *Shechem*, to kill him, but at *Judah's* intercession *sell* him to a band of *Ishmaelites*. He is brought to Egypt and sold to *an Egyptian*, whose confidential and trusted servant he rapidly becomes. Being imprisoned on the wrongful accusation of his master's wife, he is finally, after interpreting dreams in his prison, brought to Pharaoh to interpret his dreams. Pharaoh makes him governor, and Joseph by storing grain saves Egypt from the great famine. *According to E*, Joseph *dreams* that his parents and brethren shall all bow down to him. He visits his brethren in *Dothan*, and they propose to kill him. *Reuben* persuades them to throw him instead into a pit, intending to rescue him afterwards. In the absence of the brethren Joseph is stolen by *Midianites*, taken to Egypt, and sold to *Potiphar*, the chief executioner. In Egypt, Potiphar, pleased with Joseph's diligent service, makes him overseer of the prison, and

Joseph interprets the prisoners' dreams. The brethren *stain Joseph's coat with blood*, and give it to Jacob as evidence of his loved son's death. Pharoah dreams about the seven lean and the seven well-favoured kine, and also of the full and empty ears of corn: and, Joseph, interpreting the dreams, Pharaoh sets him over all Egypt, where he successfully prepares to meet the great famine. The words printed in italics suggest the main differences between the two versions of the story.

III. Noteworthy Points.

1. How natural it is that the southern version of the story should make Judah intercede for Joseph, while that current in the north makes Reuben interfere on his behalf.

2. Mark the touch in E (xxxvii., 2) which makes Joseph secretly report his brothers' failings to his father, and gives, besides, his dreams of future obeisance on the part of both parents and brethren as ground for the ill-feeling toward this youngest brother. J's reason for this is merely Israel's preference, as shown specially in the gift of a robe of state.

3. P in xxxvii., 1, and E in xxxvii., 34, seem to know nothing of the change of name J tells us of in xxxii., 28. See also xlii., 1, 36, xlv., 25 (E), as contrasted with xxxvii., 3, xlii., 5, xliii., 6, 8, 11, etc. (J).

4. In the main chapter xxxix. belongs to J, and chapter xl. to E. Note that in xl., 15, E makes Joseph speak of Palestine as the land of the Hebrews.

5. The belief that dreams were a common medium by which God sent messages to men has long lingered on, even amongst partly educated people. In Deut. xiii., 1-3, and Jeremiah xxvii., 9, we see how Israel came in part to mistrust and see the evil of this belief. Nowadays we see in dreams only the half conscious action of the brain in response to accidental suggestions, usually taking place in the moments during which we are emerging from sleep.

6. As soon as we have learned how such a narrative was compiled, the difficulties caused by its evident discrepancies at once disappear. Most of the so-called difficulties in the Bible are due only to an ignorant use of it.

IV. What this Story may teach us.

1. How easily jealousy and bitterness arise and grow even among brothers. It is not only in olden days that the meanness of secretly reporting another's faults, that a foolish favouritism, or the pride which is sometimes its result, destroy altogether that fine helpfulness and sympathy which brotherhood ought to mean.

2. In common with the stories of many great men it shows how energy and diligence bear their fruit. Although in the story much of Joseph's success is attributed to the favour of Jahweh, we cannot but note how much is suggested as due to his personal character. History is full of instances which verify this.

V. Questions.

1. Name some of the points of difference between the stories which are combined in our lesson.

2. What would the part assigned to Judah in the one and to Reuben in the other story suggest as to authorship?

3. Are dreams a reliable source of information about God and God's ways? Do you know anything about the real causes of dreams?

4. What is mean and what admirable in this picture of Joseph?

5. What do you think of the conduct of Joseph's brethren? W. H. Pulsford.

## News from the Field.

Activities continue. Farewells in one place—welcomes in another. Here a new worker appears there a veteran passes away. But life is continuous, and, on the whole, we can see a progressive march towards better things.

At *Ashton-under-Lyne*, after a few years of hard work and earnest striving, the foundation stone of a new Church has been laid in great hopefulness and much rejoicing. *Kirkcaldy* has welcomed its new minister, the *Rev. Charles Sneddon*, who has left the Established Church of Scotland, and taken up his work among progressive Unitarians. After less than two years of effort the friends at *Ansdell* have built for themselves a new Iron Church, and opened it free of debt. *Wolverhampton* has regretfully parted from the *Rev. J. B. Higham*, and presented him and his wife with good gifts; and *Park Lane*, nr. *Wigan*, has given to him a warm welcome as he takes up his work there. The Rev. J. C. Street testified to the good work he had done among us since he left the Established Church of England. *Belfast 1st Church* has said farewell to the *Rev. D. Walmsley*, and made presents to him after his twelve years of faithful service. The *Rev. C. E. Reed* has been inducted and welcomed at *Ringwood*, as successor to that brave-hearted man, *Cogan Conway*, who, all too soon, passed away from us. And, as we write, we hear that *Mr. Herbert E. Perry*, one of the energetic laymen of *Wolverhampton*, who has, for years past, with much acceptance, supplied many of our pulpits, has been called to be one of the ministers at *Denton*, and has accepted the call, and will henceforward give himself to the work of the Ministry. This is a new departure, both for the Congregation and Mr. Perry, but we hope it will prove beneficial to both. The *Rev. F. H. Vaughan*, of *Hull*, has received a call to *Mansfield*, in succession to *Mr. Fripp*, now of *Clifton*. All the events now recorded tend to show activity and life.

The principal event of the past month was the great gathering at Oxford, where the Triennial Conference held its ninth meeting. Friends were gathered from all quarters of the United Kingdom, and some were there from

across the seas. Nearly all our Free Congregations were represented, and sympathisers from the Established and Congregational Churches were present, and largely aided to make the proceedings attractive and useful. Among these must be included *Dr. Rashdall*, *Dr. Hunter*, and *Mr. Rhonda Williams*. The papers, sermons, and discussions were of a high order, and, on the whole, the animating spirit of the Assemblies was very uplifting. Through the kindness of *Mr. C. W. Jones*, and the co-operation of local friends, there was shown to the visitors great hospitality, and much was done for the comfort of all who were present. No great schemes were launched or new work undertaken, but the Conference sent its constituents back to their own centres of work with a deeper sense of the real unity of the Spirit, and a more earnest desire to help in the uplifting of the world. The *Rev. Joseph Wood* was elected as President, and the *Rev. J. Harwood* was confirmed in his office as Secretary. Some matters of serious moment were referred to the new Committee for consideration, and these will be sure to lead to valuable results in the future.

The Guilds' Union in connection with the Conference reported a stirring amount of good work among the young people, and it hopefully started afresh on its career of usefulness.

Again our Domestic Missions have been giving the story of their work, and appealing with earnest pertinacity for an increasing measure of support. Statesmen and philantropists would do well to read the Reports of our Missionaries in London and Liverpool, which have just been issued. The problems dealt with are the gravest, and men like *Lloyd Jones*, and *Anderton*, of *Liverpool*, and *Summers*, *Street*, and *Read*, of *London*, are interpreters of methods of helpfulness among the poor and suffering, which are worthy of the gravest consideration. These Missions embody the highest elements of the Gospel of helpfulness to the poor and needy.

An interesting exchange between representative men from *England* and the *United States* is just now in operation. *Dr. Crothers* comes to us from *New England*, and is serving at the *Old Meeting*, *Birmingham*, and will serve at *Essex Chapel*, *London;* and *Rev. Joseph Wood* at present, and *Mr. Freeston* later on, will take charge of *Dr. Crothers'* work in America. This co-operation of good men will bind our Churches more closely together, and increase the true fellowship which already exists among us.

At *Evesham*, where the Midland Ministers had their meeting *Dr Crothers* was among them, and gave them great delight and inspiration by the sermon he preached on the high function of the True Minister of Religion.

The *North-East Lancashire Sunday School Union* held its Musical Festival—the third of the series—at *Padiham*, and greatly interested all who were present. So the *North Midland Sunday Schools* met at *Loughborough*, and had a thoroughly good time there; while the *North Cheshire* Association had a simliar gathering, and of equal usefulness, at *Staleybridge*. These activities show that our Sunday Schools are alive, and keeping ever before them ideals of lofty service, while they go on steadily in the region of practical work.

It is pleasing to record the great success of the *Rev. C. J. Street*, and his friends, at *Sheffield*. They have carried on their work at *Attercliffe* with great activity, and have now erected, and opened for regular worship, a New Building—*a School Church*—at a cost of about £2,000, and *Mr. Street* was able to announce that it was opened *free of debt*. The friends at Sheffield, and throughout Yorkshire, as well as the B. and F. Unitarian Association are to be congratulated on the splendid result of their labours. We are very hopeful that this new centre of liberal thought and earnest life will greatly enrich the life and thought of Sheffield.

At *Cambridge*, through the good offices of the *B. and F. Unitarian Association*, religious services are continued, and *Rev. J. E. Carpenter* opened the new Course at Easter term with a service which was much appreciated. Through such work we are able to reach a number of young and promising lives, and to enlarge the spiritual outlook of the theologians of the University City.

We understand that the *Van Mission*, under the guidance of *Rev. T. Speading*, is now on its way, and we are hoping very soon to hear where it goes, and what reception it meets with It is altogether a new experiment among us, and its career will be watched with the greatest interest.

It is as pleasant to welcome the *Rev. W. G. Tarrant* back from his tour in the East, as it has been delightful to read his letters in the *Inquirer*, through which we have been able to go with him on his sunny way into places which interest all who have been helped and blest in the history of *Palestine*, and the glorious story of the Prophet of Nazareth. We hope Mr. Tarrant has had a period of rest and inspiration, and that he will now be able, with renewed energy, to carry on his great work in London, and among us all.

There have passed away from our midst, as such are always passing, men and women whom we can ill spare from our ranks, but who, in God's providence, are called up higher for larger service, but whose memories and example remain to bless us as we go on our toilsome way. Among these are *Mr. J. Howard Baker*, of Birmingham, brother of the late Venerable *Rev. F. Baker*, of Bolton, who for so many years enriched the life of our Churches; untiring philanthropists, like *Mrs. Sydney Courtauld*, of Braintree, and faithful teachers and workers like *Mrs. T. W. Green*, of Dudley. Men and women like these help and bless all they come in contact with, and show us how glorious our lives on earth may be.

May 18th, 1906. SCRUTATOR.

# Children's Page.

## The Snowflake and the Leaf.

By Helen T. Preble.

The big sky above the hard, frozen ground was dark. The little stars had hidden their winking, yellow eyes, and the round old moon had forgotten to shine. Big black clouds were hurrying past each other, back and forth, from east to west.

Up on the old oak-tree at the corner of the lane a little leaf still clung. He was very tiny, very brown, and very much wrinkled; but still he kept a tight hold on the stiff old branch where he had lived all his life.

"Ugh!" he said, as he shivered and clung still closer. "Its going to rain again. I'm sure I felt a drop just then."

But it was not a drop of rain, but a soft, cold something else which nestled wetly down among the little brown wrinkles. The leaf stirred slightly and shivered again.

"What is the matter?" queried a sweet voice.

"I'm very cold," said the leaf.

"Are you? What makes you cold?" asked the voice.

"I think it is—you," the kind little leaf answered slowly, dreading lest he hurt some one's feelings.

"Oh, no, I'm sure it is not I, because I'm not cold; and if I made you cold I would be cold too, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose you would," said the leaf, thoughtfully. "But anyway I am not warm as I am in the summer-time. I'm lonesome too up here alone,—that is, I am when you are not here," he added politely.

"What is summer?" asked the snowflake. I never heard about it."

"It is a very nice time," said the leaf, hugging the old tree and drawing his tight edges closer. "It's the time when you are green and soft and—and warm," he added with a sigh.

"I don't believe we have it up where I live then," said the snowflake, "for I never remember being green."

"It is very pleasant in summer," continued the leaf. "The birds perch upon the branches here and sing so sweetly. Once a robin built a beautiful nest just under where we are now. It was a large nest, and was made of hay and threads woven nicely together. One day long after the nest was built, after the mother bird had been staying in the nest nearly all the time, I saw four tiny birds with great big mouths wide open. It seemed to me that they were always calling to be fed, and the mother bird and the father bird were busy from morning till night fetching worms for those hungry little ones. But before long the mother bird taught them to fly, and one by one they left the nest and flew out into the world. I am never alone in summer, for the tree is full of leaves; but they have fallen off one at a time until only I am left. Every time the wind blows I expect to go too."

"Where will you go?" asked the snowflake, with much interest.

"Oh, I shall drop to the ground below and grow smaller and smaller until I sink down underneath where the new grass is preparing to sprout and the violets are ready to wake when the great, warm sun bids them push their little folded leaves and buds up through the warm earth."

"Is it nice down there in the dark?"

"Oh, yes, it is very warm and sweet, and not a bit lonely; for the worms and bugs and roots and seeds are all busy, making ready for the spring days."

Just then a heavy gust of wind shook the old oak-tree, and down fell the little brown leaf, snowflake, and all. The snowflake melted, and the little leaf lay happily there, waiting to reach the busy little world below the sod.

## National Conference Guilds' Union.

The awards in connection with the Essay Competition for the Session 1905-6, are as follows:—

"The Life of Jesus Christ."

Examiner—Mrs. Wallace Bruce.

First Prize, Kate Redfern, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Second Prize, Florence Clayton, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Third Prize, Chas. W. Finch, Octagon Chapel Guild of Service, Norwich.

Joseph Mazzini—His Writings and Biography."

Examiner—Rev. Charles Hargrave, M.A.

First Prize, Anna L. Smyth, Mansford Street Guild, London.

Second Prize, Minnie Twist, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Third Prize, "Excelsior," Great Meeting Guild, Leicester.

Junior Section:

Second Prize, Horace L. Ellis, Octagon Chapel Guild of Service, Norwich.

"The Ideal Guild."

Examiner—Rev. John Ellis.

First Prize, Minnie Twist, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Second Prize, Margaret S. Butler, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Third Prize, Lydia Wright, Guild of Kindness, Old Meeting, Birmingham.

Certificate, Arthur Evans, Guild of Service, Swinton.

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